

A Cold Ride

The story is told of a traveler in New York during the recent blizzard, who boarded a vestibule train just as it was moving out of the station, and after the doors had been shut. Of course he could not get inside, and as he could not make anyone hear his shouts he had to ride for a considerable distance in the freezing wind which threatened to whip the life out of him in a remarkably short time. At last he broke the glass window in the end of the car, and in this way attracted attention to his uncomfortable and perilous position. Let us convert the story into a parable. The moving train represents some churches, or for our purpose let it represent any church. There is its exterior, looking very pretty to be sure, with steps let down for the world to enter by. There are its ordinances, its forms, its creed, or platform, its officers, its fireman, conductor and engineer, and also its breakmen. It starts from the station and moves swiftly thru the world, which to tender spiritual nerves is usually very cold. Then again there is the inside of the church, which like the inside of the vestibule train is warm and light. Its inner spiritual life, its brotherly love, its fellowship of the saints, its experience of the truth, its heavenly peace, all these *inner* things are warm and comfortable, and are enjoyed by those who get really and truly inside. But see the difference in men's behavior in regard to this church train. While some are wise enough to get inside to share in the light and warmth, others merely cling to the steps (ordinances), or to the platform (creed), with the result that having none of the protecting warmth of the inside they find that the cold of the world is only rendered more intense by the very movement of the train. They shiver and freeze in the merciless winds of worldliness, without having a particle of the inner warmth of the church to sustain them, and not a few are frozen to death. A good many get off at the first opportunity, and you hear them telling people that the church train is a fraud, that it is the coldest place they were ever in. Some there are, a very few, who realize what is really the matter, and they immediately go about to get inside, even if they have to do it by violence. Like the man in the story they break in, if they can get in no other way, and "the kingdom of heaven is taken by violence." The outside of the train, and the church too, are necessary parts of the structure, *but they were never made to travel on.* If you expect to reach the end of your journey in good shape get *inside*. Get into full harmony, sympathy and experience of the *inner life* of the church, its heart of brotherhood, of holiness, of heavenly peace, of benevolence, of charity, of separation from the world. Get there and stay there, and when the train ar-

rives at its destination you will be able to step out, and go about the city, and see all its wonderful things.

Brief Notes

What brand of goods is your character factory turning out?

Who's running your record machine for you? It's a good idea to look after it.

Your output of influence is considerable as to quantity, but the quality is hardly up to par. Maybe it's the best you can do with the raw material at hand.

We understand that you let the other fellow have that fine stock of opportunity offered you the other day. If you continue to do business in that way, you will be broke, sure.

It is very remarkable that you should mislay those valuable titles to mansions in the skies. Just see what an anxious time you had rummaging around for them. There were days, and even weeks and months that you didn't know whether you had them or not.

Let us advise you to invest in a choice stock of kind words. They will bring you bigger returns than all your money. The beauty of the transaction is that they don't cost a cent, are not on the tax list, and always declare big dividends.

The people who study *not* to know the weak places in their make up are numerous enough to supply a whole world with fools. The devil makes a much wiser use of his faculties, and several hundred millions of idiots pay the bills.

Several publishing houses are contending for priority in getting out the biography of D. L. Moody. This "echo of a busy life" will doubtless be a readable and useful book, if well written, but his great work will forever remain the only authentic history of his life. It is hardly necessary to write a book telling the world what he did. The works which "follow" the good make the best and most fruitful reading, and in this way the humblest child of God can make an imperishable record.

A number of distinguished people have organized the South African Conciliation Committee, the object of which is to end the war by agreement between the belligerents. Blessed are the peace-makers. But the most remarkable thing about it is that the very people who accept these words as the highest expression of a divine morality are zealously engaged in the horrible task of cutting each other's throats. Gloss it as we will, war is nothing but murder, and altho God may and doubtless does, use it for the furtherance of righteous purposes, nevertheless some one will have to bear the guilt of blood when the final reckoning is made.

A member of the New York State Bar Association made a speech at the last meeting of that body, in which he advocated that the law should limit inheritances to ten million dollars. Such a law would not affect very many people, but it is more than likely that those it did affect would do some lively kicking. Such is human nature. Ruskin says that the people who make the vast fortunes are simply urged on by the pleasure of getting. We do not presume to take issue with that fine old philosopher, now gone from the world, but we believe that the deep lying passion for power is at the bottom of money getting. There is a better inheritance, and it will not be limited narrowly. It is far better than money. We can never lose it. It is eternal life. Why not strive for such an inheritance as that.

If you are a man, man your walls. If you are a coward, sneak off somewhere and hide, so that your example will not infect others. The Lord is calling for volunteers, but he doesn't want the kind who develop a genius for retreat at the first crack of a gun.

Mr. Preacher, line up your recruits and veterans, and at least make the devil think that you are somewhere around in the neighborhood. He will run

from a shadow, but the trouble is that some churches fail to produce the shadow. Your commission guarantees that "one shall chase a thousand," but how is it to be done when the "one" doesn't show up?

A rioting Catholic congregation in Montreal, Canada has been placed under the ban. The officiating priest in this ceremony stripped the church bare of all its ornaments, images, pictures of the Virgin, gorgeous trappings of the altar, and told the trembling people that they could neither be pardoned, saved, married or buried. The congregation became hysterical, and behaved as if they were about to be forsaken of heaven and earth. Their sorrow and repentance however failed to move the priest, who sent them away in anger and locked the church. The spiritual darkness and bondage of so many millions is yet a sorrowful story, and it is difficult to see how and when the light and liberty of the gospel is to come to them.

The son of a millionaire in Chicago has taken work at six dollars a week, so as to learn by experience the hardships of toil, and the real pilgrimage from poverty to wealth which so many attempt and so few accomplish. He may persevere for awhile, and he may learn some valuable lessons, but he will always have the consciousness that a great fortune awaits him independent of his efforts, and this will rob his struggle of its sting. He will at last know little or nothing of the real feelings and experiences of the poor. If he should do as Christ did, he would first give away all his wealth, and become poor indeed. Then he would find out something about the tragedy of the world.

The papers tell of the relative of a very wealthy man dying in abject poverty. The circumstance induces the reflection that there are some children of the Father who are a great deal poorer and more deprived than they ought to be. They live poor and die poor, because they fail to enter into the inheritance of joy, and hope, and peace, and fulness of life and love which the gospel opens to all even here. It is one of the greatest results of a fully accepted and fully tested gospel, that it makes life rich, fills it with all joyous satisfactions, makes it "worth living" even here. What then must it be hereafter?

One hundred Brooklyn ministers have planned a campaign for the evangelization of the city. But already some of them have fallen out with each other over differences of creed. President Schurman of the Philippine Commission strongly insists that protestant missions to the islands should be so federated as to be known there only as one church, one religion; but the various denominational mission boards cry out that it is impracticable. Whatever we may think of the minor differences of belief between protestant churches, the fact remains that they divide Christ, and disgust the world.

A Russian church collapsed recently burying a number of persons in its ruins, and killing nineteen of them. This is advertised as a great calamity, but its spiritual parallels in many a community are still more disastrous. Few however take account of the moral tragedies following the break down of religious effort in a community, which is consequently left destitute of the manifold and saving influences of pulpit teaching and pew practicing. It is a sad calamity for any community to be destitute of that salt whose savor is unto life.

Ex-Congressman, Thos. B. Reed made a speech not long since in which he said "that the proclamation that there shall be no more war will come from the tradesman, and not from the preacher." This is a statement which should make, not only every preacher, but every Christian, hang his head in shame. Of course we all know that the church has failed to do its mission in respect to war as well as in respect to the saloon. There is a fatal weakness somewhere in the constitution of the modern church. The eminent statesman's deliverance is equal to saying that selfishness will accomplish what love has never been given a fair chance to show what she can do. The church, up to date, has never been wholly given to the exemplification of love.